

*Lawyer.* Vnlesse my Studie and my Bookes be false,  
The argument you held, was wrong in you;  
In signe whereof, I pluck a white Rose too.

*Torke.* Now *Somerſet*, where is your argument?

*Som.* Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that  
Shall dye your white Rose in a bloody red.

*Torke.* Meane time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roses:  
For pale they looke with feare, as witnessing  
The truth on our ſide.

*Som.* No *Plantagenet*:

'Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy cheekes  
Blush for pure ſhame, to counterfeit our Roses,  
And yet thy tongue will not confeſſe thy error.

*Torke.* Hath not thy Rose a Canker, *Somerſet*?

*Som.* Hath not thy Rose a Thorne, *Plantagenet*?

*Torke.* I, ſharpe and piercing to maintaine his truth,  
Whiles thy conſuming Canker eates his falſehood.

*Som.* Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding Roses,  
That ſhall maintaine what I haue ſaid is true,  
Where falſe *Plantagenet* dare not be ſcene.

*Torke.* Now by this Maiden Bloſſome in my hand,  
I ſcorne thee and thy faſhion, peeuish Boy.

*Suff.* Turne not thy ſcornes this way, *Plantagenet*.

*Torke.* Prowd *Poole*, I will, and ſcorne both him and  
thee.

*Suff.* Ile turne my part thereof into thy throat.

*Som.* Away, away, good *William de la Poole*,

We grace the Yeoman, by conueſing with him.

*Warw.* Now by Gods will thou wrong'ſt him, *Somerſet*:

His Grandfather was *Lyonel* Duke of Clarence,

Third Sonne to the third *Edward* King of England:

Spring Cretleſſe Yeomen from to deepe a Root?

*Torke.* He beares him on the place's Priuiledge,

Or durſt not for his crauen heart ſay thus.

*Som.* By him that made me, Ile maintaine my words

On any Plot of Ground in Chriſtendome.

Was not thy Father, *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,

For Treason executed in our late Kings dayes?

And by his Treason, ſtand'ſt not thou attainted,

Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Gentry?

His Treſpas yet liues guiltie in thy blood,

And till thou be reſtor'd, thou art a Yeoman.

*Torke.* My Father was attatched, not attainted,

Condemn'd to dye for Treason, but no Traytor;

And that Ile proue on better men then *Somerſet*,

Were growing time once ripened to my will.

For your partaker *Poole*, and you your ſelfe,

Ile note you in my Booke of Memorie,

To ſcourge you for this apprehenſion:

Looke to it well, and ſay you are well warn'd.

*Som.* Ah, thou ſhalt finde vs ready for thee ſtill:

And know vs by theſe Colours for thy Foes,

For theſe, my friends in ſpight of thee ſhall weare.

*Torke.* And by my Soule, this pale and angry Rose,

As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,

Will I for euer, and my Faction weare,

Vntill it wither with me to my Graue,

Or flouriſh to the height of my Degree.

*Suff.* Goe forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:

And ſo farwell, vntill I meet thee next. *Exit.*

*Som.* Haue wiſh thee *Poole*: Farwell ambitious *Richard*.

*Torke.* How I am brau'd, and muſt perforce endure

it?

*Warw.* This plot that they obiect againſt your Houſe,

Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament.

Call'd for the Truce of *Wincheſter* and *Glouceſter*:

And if thou be not then created *Torke*,

I will not liue to be accounted *Warwicke*.

Meane time, in ſignall of my loue to thee,

Againſt prow'd *Somerſet*, and *William Poole*,

Will I vpon thy partie weare this Rose.

And here I prophecie: this brawle to day,

Growne to this faction in the Temple Garden,

Shall ſend betweene the Red-Rose and the White,

A thouſand Soules to Death and deadly Night.

*Torke.* Good Maſter *Vernon*, I am bound to you,

That you on my behalfe would pluck a Flower.

*Ver.* In your behalfe ſtill will I weare the ſame,

*Lawyer.* And ſo will I.

*Torke.* Thankes gentle.

Come, let vs foure to Dinner: I dare ſay,

This Quarrell will drinke Blood another day.

*Exit.*

*Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chayre,*

*and Taylors.*

*Mort.* Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,

Let dying *Mortimer* here reſt himſelfe.

Euen like a man new haled from the Wrack,

So fare my Limbes with long Imprisonment:

And theſe gray Locks, the Purſuiuants of death,

*Nefor*-like aged, in an Age of Care,

Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.

Theſe Eyes, like Lampes, whoſe waſting Oyle is ſpent,

Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent.

Weake Shoulders, ouer-borne with burthening Griefe,

And pyth-leſſe Armes, like to a withered Vine,

That droupes his ſappe-leſſe Branches to the ground,

Yet are theſe Feet, whoſe ſtrength-leſſe ſtay is numme,

(Vnable to ſupport this Lumpe of Clay)

Swift-winged with deſire to get a Graue,

As witting I no other comfort haue.

But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come?

*Keeper.* *Richard Plantagenet*, my Lord, will come:

We ſent vnto the Temple, vnto his Chamber,

And anſwer was return'd, that he will come.

*Mort.* Enough: my Soule ſhall then be ſatisfied.

Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine.

Since *Henry Monmouth* firſt began to reigne,

Before whoſe Glory I was great in Armes,

This loathſome ſequeſtration haue I had;

And euen ſince then, hath *Richard* bene obſcur'd,

Depriu'd of Honor and Inheritance.

But now, the Arbitrator of Deſpaires,

Iuſt Death, kinde Vmpire of mens miſeries,

With ſweet enlargement doth diſmiſſe me hence:

I would his troubles likewiſe were expir'd,

That ſo he might recouer what was loſt.

*Enter Richard.*

*Keeper.* My Lord, your louing Nephew now is come,

*Mort.* *Richard Plantagenet*, my friend, is he come?

*Rich.* I, Noble Vnckle, thus ignobly vs'd,

Your Nephew, late deſpised *Richard*, comes.

*Mort.* Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,

And in his Boſome ſpend my latter gaſpe.

Oh tell me when my Lipſes doe touch his Cheekes,

That I may kindly giue one fainting Kiſſe.

And now declare ſweet Stem from *Yorke*'s great Stock,

Why didſt thou ſay of late thou wert deſpis'd?

*Rich.* Firſt

*Rich.* Firſt, leane thine aged Back againſt mine Arme,

And in that caſe, Ile tell thee my Diſcaſe.

This day in argument vpon a Caſe,

Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerſet* and me:

Among which tearmes, he vs'd his lauiſh tongue,

And did vpbraid me with my Fathers death;

Which obloquie ſet barres before my tongue,

Elle with the like I had requited him.

Therefore good Vnckle, for my Fathers ſake,

In honor of a true *Plantagenet*,

And for Alliance ſake, declare the cauſe

My Father, Earle of Cambridge, loſt his Head.

*Mort.* That cauſe (ſaire Nephew) that imprison'd me,

And hath decay'd me all my flowing Youth,

Within a loathſome Dungeon, there to pyne,

Was curſed Inſtrument of his deceaſe.

*Rich.* Diſcouer more at large what cauſe that was,

For I am ignorant, and cannot gueſſe.

*Mort.* I will, if that my fading breath permit,

And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done.

*Henry* the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,

Depoſ'd his Nephew *Richard*, *Edwards* Sonne,

The firſt begotten, and the lawfull Heire

Of *Edward* King, the Third of that Deſcent.

During whoſe Reigne, the *Percies* of the North,

Finding his Vſurpation moſt vniuſt,

Endeuor'd my aduancement to the Throne.

The reaſon moſt theſe Warlike Lords to this,

Was, for that (young *Richard* thus remou'd,

Leauing no Heire begotten of his Body)

I was the next by Birth and Parentage:

For by my Mother, I deriu'd am

From *Lyonel* Duke of Clarence, third Sonne

To King *Edward* the Third; whereas hee,

From *John* of Gaunt doth bring his Pedegree,

Being but fourth of that Heroick Lyne.

But marke: as in this haughtie great attempt,

They laboured, to plant the rightfull Heire,

I loſt my Libertie, and they their Liues.

Long after this, when *Henry* the Fifth

(Succeeding his Father *Bullingbrooke*) did reigne;

Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, then deriu'd

From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of *Yorke*,

Marrying my Siſter, that thy Mother was;

Againe, in pittie of my hard diſtreſſe,

Leuied an Army, weening to redeeme,

And haue inſtall'd me in the Diademe:

But as the reſt, ſo fell that Noble Earle,

And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,

In whom the Title reſted, were ſuppreſt.

*Rich.* Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the laſt.

*Mort.* True; and thou ſeeſt, that I no Iſſue haue,

And that my fainting words doe warrant death:

Thou art my Heire; the reſt, I wiſh thee gather:

But yet be wary in thy ſtudious care.

*Rich.* Thy graue admoniſhments preuayle with me:

But yet me thinkes, my Fathers execution

Was nothing leſſe then bloody Tyranny.

*Mort.* With ſilence, Nephew, be thou polittick,

Strong fixed is the Houſe of *Lancaster*,

And like a Mountaine, not to be remou'd.

But now thy Vnckle is remouing hence,

As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd

With long continuance in a ſetled place.

*Rich.* O Vnckle, would ſome part of my young yeeres

Might but redeeme the paſſage of your Age.

*Mort.* Thou do'ſt then wrong me, as ſlaughterer doth,

Which giueth many Wounds, when one will kill.

Mourne not, except thou ſorrow for my good,

Onely giue order for my Funicall.

And ſo farewell, and faire be all thy hopes,

And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and Warre. *Dyes.*

*Rich.* And Peace, no Warre, befall thy parting Soule.

In Priſon haſt thou ſpent a Pilgrimage,

And like a Hermite ouer-paſt thy dayes.

Well, I will locke his Councell in my Breſt,

And what I doe imagine, let that reſt.

Keepers conuey him hence, and I my ſelfe

Will ſee his Buryall better then his Life. *Exit.*

Here dyes the duſkie Torch of *Mortimer*,

Choakt with Ambition of the meaner fort.

And for thoſe Wrongs, thoſe bitter Iniuries,

Which *Somerſet* hath offer'd to my Houſe,

I doubt not, but with Honor to redreſſe.

And therefore haſte I to the Parliament,

Eyther to be reſtored to my Blood,

Or make my will 'theaduantage of my good. *Exit.*

### Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Flouriſh.* *Enter King, Exeter, Gloſter, Wincheſter, Warwick,*

*Somerſet, Suffolk, Richard Plantagenet.* *Gloſter* offers

to put up a Bill: *Wincheſter* ſnatches it, rears it.

*Winch.* Com'ſt thou with deepe premeditated Lines?

With written Pamphlets, ſtudiouſly deuiz'd?

*Humfrey* of *Gloſter*, if thou canſt accuſe,

Or ought intend'ſt to lay vnto my charge,

Doe it without inuention, ſuddenly,

As I wiſh ſudden, and extemporall ſpeech,

Purpose to anſwer what thou canſt obiect.

*Glo.* Preſumptuous Prielt, this place commands my patiẽce,

Or thou ſhould'ſt finde thou haſt diſ-honor'd me.

I thinke not, although in Waiting I prefer'd

The manner of thy vile outrageous Crymes,

That therefore I haue forg'd, or am not able

*Verbatim* to rehearſe the Methode of my Penne.

No Prelate, ſuch is thy audacious wickedneſſe,

Thy lewd, peſtiferous, and diſſentious pranks,

As very infants prattle of thy pride.

Thou art a moſt pernitiuous Vſurer,

Froward by nature, Enemie to Peace,

Laciuious, wanton, more then well beſeemes

A man of thy Profeſſion, and Degree.

And for thy Trecherie, what's more manifeſt?